

ONE THOUSAND,  
SEVEN HUNDRED,  
SIXTY-EIGHT:

OR

Past 12 o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

Price One Shilling and Sixpence.

ONE THOUSAND

SEVEN HUNDRED

SIXTY-EIGHT

May 13 o'clock said a cloudy Morning.

ONE THOUSAND,

*k*  
SEVEN HUNDRED,

SIXTY-EIGHT:

*11630. d. 16*

9

O R,

Past 12 o'Clock, and a cloudy Morning.

---

IN TWO CANTOS.

---

CANTO I.

---

*Interdum populus rectum putat.*

Hor.

---

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. BINGLEY, opposite Durham Yard, in the Strand.

MDCCLXVIII.

ONE HUNDRED AND

SEVEN HUNDRED

: T H E E I G H T H a

TEN TO ONE O'Clock, AND A GOLDY MORNING.

WITH A TIDE IN

TO THE

BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY



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WILLIAM

## A N

# EPISTOLARY DIALOGUE.

P. **T**HREE are, who kindly buzz it in my ear,  
Be prudent, Sir, for M----rs can hear---  
Tho' deaf to Virtue's call, or Merit's claim,  
They catch ev'n whispers of ill growing fame;  
And ev'ry whisper, ev'ry school-boy knows,  
Ne'er loses strength, but gathers as it goes---  
Law-clerks, informers, all the harpy crew,  
Have, when you guess it least, their game in view:  
No common game---the Nimrod each who can,

*A mighty hunter, and his prey was Man.*---

10

6 "Vires acquirit eundo." VIRG.

7 An office generally held by some acute attorney, the better to render him adroit  
in the path he treads.

10 *Vide* Pope's Windsor Forest.

B

E

These,

These, join'd to Magistrates of servile growth,  
 Who once could split a fig, as now an oath,  
 Divide and subdivide--*So help you God,*  
 Till Cana's miracle, ('tis somewhat odd)  
 Renew'd at once, tho' not by hand divine,  
 Changes their water bev'rage into wine ;  
 And, by some lucky riot, or a search,  
 Some intercepted *Sbyloc*, with his birch,  
 The scrap intended for their Monday's board,  
 And drawn, with frigid hand, from Madam's hoard,  
 (You'd swear that *Jonas* breath'd upon the place)  
*Presto, be gone, is ven'son, and his Grace.*

15

20

25

30

For many a Duke, or *no Duke*, condescends  
 To leaze on dainties of *plebeian* friends,  
 Nor asks, so the champain he smacks is clear,  
*If Heav'n or mittimus's sent it there.*

See, like the magic trees in *Orpheus*, rise  
 Deserts, which scarce an Almac could devise.  
 Here bail-bonds vegetate to earliest roots,  
 There warrants crimson to nectareous fruits ;

29 It is more than commonly reported of a certain Magistrate's Lady, that, having in vain petitioned her prudent husband for a cucumber, when only at the small price of a guinea, she luckily heard a riot had happened, with murder annexed, when she sent to market immediately, and pleased her palate, at the expence of even Christian blood.

Here jellies weep, from some bri'b'd licence sheet,  
 Or in warm arrack's circulation meet ;  
 There tremulating cones of *blanc-mange* view,  
 Tho' white, yet rais'd from black subscription's due :  
 See, bills of fly indictment change to jams,  
 Rich French liqueurs, or honest English drams ;  
 With vile discharges Hyson's perfume steams,  
 And informations whip themselves to creams ;  
 While Sodom's vice, on some red letter day,  
 May haply liquify to choice tokay.      40

Yet, shall Sir John still claim the public trust,  
 Who bravely teaches justice to be just ;  
 And, when compell'd at length the sword to draw,  
 Still mercy blends with energy of law !  
 But, from the servile phalanx, who can hide ?  
 While some through interest press, and some through pride ;  
 Some from old grudges would pursue your life,  
 Because my cousin's cousin vext his wife---  
 (Fail'd in one bow, to her high rank so due,  
 For wives can fill the chair, like we knew who ;      50

41 This Gentleman, of a family no less eminent for rank than ingenuity, though he never desired, yet does he deserve every honour so lately conferred on him.

And

And Lady's such a simple knightish name—  
 I'm now a Baronet-tess, that I am!—  
 Yet play the spy, and squeeze your shrinking hand,  
 To know what's whisper'd through a murmur'ring land:  
*With head thus shak'd,* (for there's a thousand ways) 55  
*Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,*  
 And like the leaden mark, still *hand in hand*  
 With some pert *Jack in office* near the Strand;  
 Some quondam writing master, more or less,  
 All quill, all *Rule*, all blotting-sheet, like H—  
 Conclude their plot, by Take it as a friend,  
 Bad as they are, who knows; the times will mend;  
 Look round, and then confess how vain the toil,  
 To hope for better fruits on such a soil!  
 See, free E----ns drag the Sh---ff's chain, 65  
 Slaves to false numbers, told, and told again;

52 A certain wife of an Alderman in England's great and good city seriously threw away more than a single fee at the *Herald's Office*, to know, as her husband was raised to the dignity of a Baronet, whether she might not quit the common title of *Lady*, which she had borne, and be now distinguished by a *Baronet-tess*.

55 *Vide Hamlet*, Act I.

57 The insurance mark.

59 One of the *Pedagogi*, now raised to the *Equestrian*, and from teaching little masters and misses to hold their pen, still thinks he has a right to guide the hand of even the most distinguished writer.

But, strange to tell! as C----d shall swear,  
 (I mean those few whose oaths the test can bear)  
 Poor two and two, which always stood for four;  
 Now makes or three or five, nay, often more, 70  
 And by arithmetic, hence call'd his own,  
 The lesser number is the greater grown.

Chill'd each fair bud in academic youth,  
 Check'd ev'ry sally of bright op'ning truth ;  
 Ev'n while I write, true learning's first best shoot, 75  
 Blighted at once, and with'ring by a ---- ;  
 While thistles, but of late, exotics grown,  
 Bask in a sunshine to their fires unknown ;  
 And suckled thus, each northern dwarfing thorn  
 Points to our skies, as if full southward born. 80

Look round, and wonder things are still no worse,  
 While those who wish a blessing vote a curse ;  
 In private give Britannia's cause a sigh,  
 And yet, in public, bid Britannia die ;  
 Nay, die a thousand ways, where law and faith, 85  
 Forbid the torture, and a ling'ring death.

And shall a kingdom groan beneath the wheel,  
 Writhe her torn limbs, and still fresh engines feel ;

Still still be dying, but ne'er taste of death?  
 Happier poor Gibon, who resign'd his breath,  
 Paid that just debt to Nature and the laws,  
 And left posterity to right his cause.

Better to die like him, and there it ends,  
 Than stabb'd, like Julius, by an hundred friends;  
 Friends, who, like you, *All Hail!* cry out aloud,  
 While the fell dagger weeps with Roman blood,  
 While the sad coarse is dragg'd through ev'ry street,  
 The shame, perhaps the scourge, of all they meet.

C. Yet still be prudent—What is it to you,  
 A mite, an atom, in the public view?  
 Lands seldom fall to any poet's share,  
 Unless Utopian acres—in the air;  
 And as for stocks, they scarce would guess the name,  
 But that, some days, their necks may wear the same;  
 And, sure, he can't of window-rates complain  
 Whose light is usher'd through a single pane;  
 Or damn the wheel-tax, in some patriot rage,  
 To bilk his *quota* in the Chelsea stage.

Come, take advice, and wither'd be the bays;  
 The scheme might answer in——'s days,

Handle enough for satire, and for blows :  
 But now three kingdoms, balsam'd in repose,  
 Spread their kind blandishment throughout the land,  
 And peace, with plenty, smiles on ev'ry hand :  
 St. -----'s chapel scarce emits a sigh,  
 Nor dreads the list'ning ear, or stander by :  
 No ----- weeps, no ----- is heard to moan,  
 Thanks to our stars, or -----'s good care alone ;  
 All, all, observe them, look content, and smile---  
 Then hang the grumblers of a spit-fire isle,  
 Whom never God will please, nor k—g can rule ;  
 A motley race at best, half knave, half fool---  
 Why dares one tongue else wag in noise so rude,  
 Against a Q—n, so gracious, and so good ?  
 Or, why, beneath a blessing, like our own,  
 Dares *Forty-five* still mutter at the throne ?

*P.* Yet Pope---

*C.* But ev'n his ghost at length is laid,  
 And M—s is but a pedlar in the trade,  
 A small-beer sonnet-brewer at the best,  
 A mere ode-haberdasher, like the rest.

123 *Vide* Hamlet to his mother.

128 The idle author of an idle volume, called *Bagatelles*, published by Dod sley, and now, to shew the depraved taste of the town, in the second edition.

A weaver of thin *bagatelles* at most,  
Or strange acrostic on some batter'd toast.  
Besides, and take this secret in your ear,  
We know not, now, the shadow of a fear.  
Chain'd to the oar of pension or of place,  
Our authors wait the nod but of his Grace;  
Arm'd *Cap-a-pie*, they weild the pen afar,  
*Cry Havoc!* and let slip the dogs of war.  
We dread no rebel-rout of witling 'squires,  
Nor grumbling fellows stoking college fires.  
Ev'n Cæsar brüb'd his Flaccus—He was right—  
And authorlings sunk down in endless night;  
Each Bavus hid his, then, diminish'd rays,  
Nor dar'd to copy, even, a copied blaze;  
The radiant glow, which beam'd o'er Maro's head,  
Like light'ning, struck a thousand Mævii dead.  
So, Sir, when quills like yours would daub distress,  
I'd give a vote myself to cramp the press.

P. While yet that rag of liberty remains,  
Still let me, tho' I rave not, shake my chains;  
Of ev'ry other privilege bereft,  
The last pale gleam of British freedom left:

Still feel my way to haunt the guilty great,  
Idly incog, at some occult retreat,  
Still force a passage for my country's woes,  
Unseal each eye-lid, and debar repose.

In vain you fly to -----'s peaceful bow'rs,  
Those shades afford no peace to breasts like yours ;  
Or, sick'ning, while you wonder at the cause,  
Haste back to courts, and crouds, and bri'b'd applause ;  
Shift ev'ry hour, through ev'ry prospect range,  
A guilty bosom ne'er can feel a change.

In vain ! Palladio plans a cool retreat,  
The scorpion burns you on the fresco-seat ;  
The stucco-floor, in vain, would warmth invite,  
Fears chill your bosom, and forbid delight.  
The hermit's cell is thatch'd with short expence,  
To cheat the mind with dreams of innocence,  
In vain---the world bursts in, and, full in view,  
Bellows aloud for justice, and for you---

In vain ! when darkness glooms, the nurse of fears,  
You taste champain, and revel with your Peers ;  
Unseen by them, pale Banquo fills the chair,  
Points to his wounds, and shakes his clotted hair ;

Some friend, like Shakespear's heroine, weaves in vain 175

A gauze-excuse, to screen her trembling Thane:

The pond'ring circle knows, alas ! too sure,

Guilt, the disease---disease, without a cure !

Ah ! how unlike the man of former days,

Friendship his darling, his attendant praise !

How chang'd, alas ! from him of happier times,

Fair Virtue's guardian, and the scourge of crimes ;

Unask'd, by every cheerful peasant bless'd,

By ev'ry social friend, unbid, caress'd ;

And — would smile, and speak of ——'s grove, 185

The warm retreat of liberty and love !

How ill exchang'd for ev'ry witling's gib'e,

Or triple circles of the *candied tribe* ;

Barter'd, for splendor, ev'ry home-felt hour,

And each warm blessing, for the toy of pow'r.

And say, Oh ! tell us, when you tread the floor,

Which Wolsey, once a fav'rite, trod before,

Or ent'ring through the same wide-op'ning gate,

With equal pride, tho' with unequal state,

Do no strange phantoms rush before your eyes,

No stranger fears, with each slow footstep rise,

175 Lady Macbeth.

188 Shakespear.

Of

Of golden heaps laid level with the plain,  
 Of publick treasure disembogu'd again ;  
 Of pomp revers'd, and chang'd to vulgar sneer,  
 With scarce a pitying sigh, or friendlier tear ? 200  
 Oh ! say, when on the regal sopha laid,  
 Upbraiding Sleep, that coy regardless maid,  
 Do no harsh sounds divide the wish'd-for rest,  
 And drive the frightened Goddess from your breast ;  
 No voice of discord reach your list'ning ear, 205  
 The Orphan's wailing, and the widow's tear ?  
 See there ! the sacred finger, on the wall,  
 Proclaims aloud, that pride must have a fall.

Yet could the pension'd pen, now endlesſ found,  
 Inject a balm to cicatrize your wound, 210  
 Gigantic Drawcansir would lead the van,  
 And swear that income does not change the man ;  
 'Tis from conviction that he argues now, 215  
 And when he rail'd at bribes, 'twas we know how !  
 " Nolo episcopari," still he cry'd ---  
 But cruel ---- swore he'd not be deny'd.  
 Since you're so pressing, says the bloated fry'r,  
 I'll take it as a present, not as hire :

207 Belshazzar.

218 *Vide Spanish Friar.*

But the sad tongue-ty'd, pen-ty'd scribler proves,  
What first he wrote for is what last he loves.

Ev'n L---k---n stands enlisted with the best---  
An invalid may serve to drill the rest.

Thus Chelsea, in some fev'rous hour of war,  
Lends an old serjeant, darn'd with many a scar,  
Who useful proves, to train the awkward band,  
And teach wild boys to feel the word Command ;  
That greatest rule, the right from left to know,  
From instinct, courtiers can---we---never do.  
With Majors and with Minors, thus you move,  
Indifferent to our hate, as to our love.

'Tis said, in Henry's, or in Richard's days,  
(The tale is good, though told a thousand ways,  
For vouchers have been lost these many a year,  
Perhaps, like others, left they should appear)  
A Statesman, grave, and just as other men,  
Walking alone---(for great folks walk'd it then,  
Ev'n tho' they had exchequers at their feet; "Exchequers too, perhaps, were not so great)---  
Pond'ring on what to move, or what to vent,  
'Gainst the next meeting of some parliament---  
Heard a shrill voice cry out, " A Knave ! a Knave !  
" Ah ! save my country, injur'd Albion, save !"

(Much injur'd then, alas ! more injur'd now,  
 Since one realm, infamously, sprung from two ;)--  
 The bird had got his lesson well by rote, 245  
 But, 'twas mere luck, he, then, should pop it out.

Fame says, he took it wholly to himself,  
 Went home---repented---and confess'd his pelf---  
 Refunded to the public---said his pray'rs---  
 Retir'd---grew honest---and so sav'd his ears. 250

Bless'd days indeed ! oh ! ever-golden times !  
 When one short verse could purge a Statesman's crimes ;  
 When poor poor Poll did, in a trice, perform  
 What since a legion Churchills can't reform.  
 Yet parrots now, if M-----rs would walk, 255  
 Might hit the mark, and to the purpose talk.

For birds may speak the truth, at all times too---  
 'Tis more than Englishmen can dare to do.  
 For know, besides the proverb, there's a rule  
 Held in a certain magisterial school, 260  
 That 'tis not less a libel, tho' 'tis right ;  
 Strange doctrine ! stranger practice !---So, *good night*---  
 I'll tell you more to-morrow ; now, I'm vexed,  
 Let's drop the curtain then, you'll have it next.

So cunning parsons split a dull discourse, 265  
 And, not to lose good pudding, say they're hoarse ;

Or more, perhaps! in hopes, at ev'ning hour,  
 Half may forget, by sleep, what went before ;  
 For he's a churlish preacher at the best,  
 Who will not give the *heavy-laden rest*, 270  
 One while, at least ; but let him thunder then,  
 And doubly rouze his snoring flock agen ;  
 Make rich amends for, ev'n, this hour's delay,  
 Like idle trav'lers, tippling on their way :  
 Who whip and spur, at some poor hackney's cost, 275  
 To fetch up time, like me, they madly lost.

Once more, Good night, for, hark, with full'rn roar,  
 Old Paul's groans out the tedious midnight hour ;  
 And while it hushes common sons of care,  
 Leaves me still waking, for Britannia's fare. 280  
 Old Verger cries *A cloudy Morning*, too---  
 We ne'er shall see much clearer---how say you?  
 What Fontainbleau's d----d peace began, my friend,  
 Choiseul and toleration, soon, must end.

281 Dogberry and Verger, the two watchmen. *Much ado about nothing.*

284 By the profound policy of this great Minister, a toleration is coming on with such hasty strides in France, that already a third part of all the abby lands are alienated to the King, and without a murmur, as a third part of their number are taken under the King's protection, to be provided for elsewhere; and, by these gentle steps, in time, it is to be feared, the whole will fall to the Crown.

(If that don't weigh the trembling balance down, 285  
 I'll give you *Corsica*, that ifle unknown,  
 Else, sure, our sage and *Machevelian* p--r,  
 Would ne'er have suffer'd France to lord it there.---  
 For, multiply their numbers, *ten to one*,  
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.) 290

*C.* And so we swear---You know that proverb wise,  
 "The man who swears will never stick at lies."  
*P.* Come, then, I'll whisper something in your ear,  
 'Twould make a dean, much more a parson, swear---

*C.* While 'tis your hobby-horse, still, thus to rail, 295  
 Mine shall be, still, to ridicule the tale.  
 But now, for once, that you may sleep at ease,  
 I'll think, I'll speak, I'll practise what you please ;  
 Join issue with you, and the rascal croud ;  
 In short roar *Wilks and Liberty* aloud ; 300  
 Smash harmless panes, to answer glaziers ends ;  
 Stick up more lights, to please my tallow-friends ;  
 (Bring soldiers in, as guilty of that blood.  
 They, innocently spilt, for Britain's good ;  
 Put magistrate-distillers to the rack, 305  
 And brand him with a loss that breaks his back :

Because this *rum-duke* of a Justice saw  
 The dear necessity of *martial law*.---  
 I'll flatter you, besides, and swear the fool  
 (Or, if you will, the m-----l tool) 310  
 Was proud to see himself ev'n falsely prais'd,  
 And by a r---l proclamation rais'd ;  
 Rais'd in the eyes of his own *Blackman* feers,  
 Above his juniperian apron'd peers---  
 And on his tomb, (tho' now I see you laugh) 315  
 Let this be his immortal epitaph :  
 "Here lies Samaria's child, who, void of ire,  
 " In cool blood, bid the scarlet hot-brains fire ;  
 " And having, all his life, been quite unknown,  
 " Thus grew at once the fav'rite of a t----: 320  
 " May, with his breath, all just resentment cease,  
 " And he, if not in life, now *rest in peace.*")  
 Instead of pleasure, blister you with pain ;  
 Nay, wish old Chaos too may come again,  
 That palpable crape-night may next succeed, 325  
 " And darkness be the burier of the dead."  
 Now wake, or sleep, I truly care not which,  
 Resume, or throw aside, your scribbling itch ;

322 Requiescat in pace.

326 Richard III,

*A pat-*

*A pattern of all patience,* I'll remain,  
Like Lear, and not mean to speak again.

For once, I've humour'd your fond vein of bile,  
And now, with Rome's mad patriot in exile,  
Or his so restless counterpart at home,  
Tip us the Stoic—beat old Discord's drum—  
To vulgar eyes, so vainly, still pretend,  
Because unpension'd, you're Britannia's friend ;  
Then, swallowing down the spittle of your pride,  
Like Cato, tell your Gods, *I'm satisfy'd.*  
But Utica's lean council (we know why)  
Could give his senatorial heart the lie ;  
For a few drachmas, *whisp'ringly apply'd,*  
To duty, would have melted down his pride,  
And prov'd that rascal Cæsar, in the end,  
No more a tyrant, but his Country's friend ;  
Nay, made him see things in a different view,  
As, when some points are gain'd, will you know who.

P. Why, as that Statesman said, who prov'd our vice,  
Each patriot, the most stubborn, *has his price;*  
Ribbons have silenc'd, thus, some chatt'ring peer,  
When the Words Place and Pension lanc'd his ear ;  
A title caught old ————— at the last,  
Who, till that moment, held his virtue fast ;

And ——, as 'tis said, a beast all o'er,  
Plump gave his soul, to gain two beasts more.

Nay, one, by name more CUNNING, *entre nous,*, 355  
Took, at one gulp, place, pension, title, too.  
His party rail'd, when first they heard the trick;  
But, finding that it never made him sick,  
*The Devil take the hindmost,* one man cry'd,  
Another in the self-same key reply'd; 360  
So one and all approved the maxim soon,  
And ev'ry squeamish stomach lick'd the spoon;  
Nor, thro' this speck of patriotic ground,  
Was one mad — or — to be found;  
All follow'd now their bell-weather at once, 365  
And d—d each fucking p—t—ling for a dunce.

These are the patriot independent few,  
From whom we waited, like each gaping Jew,  
For such a blessing—as, when once our own,  
(And not the whisp'ring ear-wig of a T—), 370  
Like him, was scorn'd—rejected—and, despis'd—  
If doubly humble—why not doubly priz'd?

354 A certain peer, (and, of course, upper senator of the realm) always adds a syllable to monosyllables like *ghost*, *beast*, &c. &c. not so much from ignorance, we hope, as from the pleasure of singularity.

Merit is ever modest and retir'd,  
 She feels her value, ev'n when least admir'd—  
 Clos'd in the mine, the di'mond is the same,  
 As when on *Stanhope's* neck, it aids the flame :  
 Tho' Envy's Self approves to see it worn,  
 No longer useless, but in public borne.

375

Yet do *I see a cherub*, still who views  
 One patriot more, whom Faction can't abuse—  
 Whose heart wou'd execute the gen'rous plan  
 His head conceives—for man—ungrateful man !—

380

Appear then, matchless virtue ! endless worth !  
 By all our wrongs and suff'rings, now step forth ;  
 Shew Britain Wisdom may unite with Wit,  
 And tho' a C——m sinks, still rise a P—t ;  
 Let foreign courts no longer claim your care,  
 But Britain ev'ry hidden talent share :  
 Like Latium's Genius, stem thy country's doom,  
 And, tho' a Cæsar smile, remember Rome.

385

390

11 7 49

379 Hamlet.

382 This *noble* Commoner (among many *other* nobler plans) propos'd all officers of state should serve the crown *gratis*—himself offering to take the lead in any the most laborious of each department—his character of *general* benevolence is too well rivetted to be loosened by any news-paper attacks—or *particularly* suspected, even by his enemies—as it is known, even during his non-residence at T—n, that, for the honour of his royal Master, and the good of his country, much of his *private* fortune has been added to support the *public* character he has so long borne with such distinguished lustre, and so peculiar a share of real dis-interestedness.

*End of the first Canto.*

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The following is a list of the principal cities in the state of New York, with their respective populations:

Eng. & Bus. Sys. Comp.